The Feathered Stag

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The Feathered Stag

by sku7314977

Summary

“Nigel Lecter,” He extended a hand, more flirtations with a salacious grin then business. He received a brief, to-the-point, handshake for his efforts.

You can tell a lot about a person from the way they shake your hand, and the beauty standing before him wasn’t there for the food, socialization or the charming atmosphere. He was there on business and he wasn’t about to fool around.

Nigel hoped to change his mind on that.

He knew a place out back that would look amazing with his shirt draped over it while he fucked him from behind. “What can I do for you, Mr?” He’d start with a name for the moment, move forward to more intimate things after he knew what name he’d be growling into sex flushed skin.

“Will Graham,” He pulled a badge Nigel hadn’t expected or wanted to see. “I’m here to inspect your establishment.”

Notes

Hello darlings, this is the last prize being giving for the Hannibal Drabble Contest I ran a few months back, a consolation prize for Outlawlanaya.

Thank you so much Outlawlanaya for participating in the drabble contest, I loved your story~ <3

I've already had two requests for a sequel, or more or whatever. So, like I did before with another story I will make the option available.

If you want more to this tell me and if the demand is there for it I will write it.

I own nothing.

Not Beta Read.

See the end of the work for more notes

Health Inspection

The feathered stag was not what one might call a ‘traditional restaurant’. Established by a pair of rather peculiar twins it was a unique combination of modern elegance and garish chaos. With cathedral ceilings, crystal chandeliers and accent walls painted in bright complex graffiti it was a mash of personalities that shouldn’t have worked and did. As if the dramatic blend of beauty and slum wasn’t enough the restaurant continued to turn heads with its complex centerpieces of animal skulls and fresh white flowers, offsetting the crimson tablecloths they sat upon. The atmosphere completed by the lull of classical music or depending the night a skilled pianist.

Despite its bizarre décor the Feathered Stag drew Baltimore’s elite like moths to a flam, reservations booking the small establishment for months in advance.

But it wasn’t looks that drew the masses. It was the rich and incomparable cuisine. With an ever changing menu developed bi-weekly by Hannibal himself, the restaurant had flourished. His talent for cuisine winning the Stag a number of prizes and a place on more than one magazine cover.

In its two short years of life since Nigel’s arrival from Bucharest, Romania to open the restaurant with his twin, the Feathered Stag had quickly become one of the most sought restaurants in all of Maryland.

“Nigel, that port is for cooking, not drinking.” Hannibal chided, removing the bottle of red from his twins vicinity with a look of distain. It would not be the first time he had regretted creating a partnership with his minute’s younger brother. Inevitably, would not be the last.

Nigel scoffed, ignoring his twin to tip the fine crystal glass holding far more port than any etiquette dictated, to drain in a one unappreciative swallow, “Could have fooled me.”

“With your uncultured pallet I’m sure a great many things could.” He didn’t smile, but the air of satisfaction still hung around the chef as he placed the bottle to join the rest. “Shouldn’t you be in the dining room?” To Hannibal’s great surprise during their initial planning, it had been Nigel who had volunteered to work in the front, meeting and seating some of their more valued patrons personally between mixing drinks and running the bar.

It was another decision Hannibal often recalled with regret.

A hum, playful, as he disposed the glass for cleaning, “Everything already set Hanni, you have a stick stuck too far up your ass to let anyone leave before the dining room in ‘perfect’. Not a fucking feather out of place.” But, he took the hint, adjusting his tie as he stepped out of the kitchen, his brother’s domain, and into the dining hall. The staff was ready and waiting, stations assigned and uniforms immaculately donned.

The uniform had been insisted upon by Hannibal and viciously fought by Nigel. He had to look at more than enough plaid on his downtime thanks to Hannibal’s peculiar fascination with the print, he wasn’t about to bring it into their place of work to burn out his eyes too.

Hannibal was just as unwilling to yield on the thought of anyone wearing less than a knee length skirt or short sleeved dress shirt. The gentlemen's clubs his brother frequented unpermitted to leak into their five star establishment in the form of fishnet and lace.

In the end they had settled on dress pants, dress shirts, vests and ties. The vest and ties both cut from an atrocious plaid picked by his brother. But it was how Nigel had won the graffiti that danced in an artistic discord of beauty across the walls. His eyes might be bleeding from the ostentatious pattern, but he was comforted knowing that the mural consuming the entire accent wall killed a piece of his brothers soul every day.

That was of course, if he had a soul.

Nigel's uniform, thanks to a long, glorious and near deadly fight in his refusal to join the waiting staff in their suffering, consisted of dark slacks, a dress shirt he seldom tucked in, vest, when he choose to wear it, and tie, which was often found anywhere but where it belonged around his neck, all in black. The missing piece usually turning up before the end of the night and often accompanied by a threat from his brother; one that had yet to see fruition but held the promise of pain nonetheless.

Nigel slid behind the bar, snapping his fingers as he began pulling glasses and checked the breathing vintages being featured for that evening. Each dish was accompanied by a specially selected wine meant to accompany the courses of the evening.

Though Nigel couldn't deny his brothers choice of alcohol for pairing with each meal, he could curse him for the number of bottles he had to keep aired and at the ready each evening in anticipation of guests and orders. "Open the doors Lounds."

As the doors were opened and staff made ready for business Nigel turned his attention to a copy of that night's guest list his anal retentive brother had so kindly supplied him. He didn't see any names worth remembering on it, most likely a few that would mean a great deal to his brother, but none of the ones that mattered where he was concerned.

"Mr. Lecter?" Deep maroon eyes turned from the page they were scanning to meet with a character belonging anywhere but the Stag. Dressed in an aged blazer, too big khakis and a flannel shirt that would have made Hannibal cringe, it was the kind of attire that would have Nigel throwing the man out before he could even register his name on the list. But then there was his face. And he was gorgeous, handsome in a way he would be boyishly beautiful if he bothered to shave. With hair in a disheveled halo of curls, eyes a stunning blue grey hidden behind thick rimmed glasses and lips the pallor of kiss swollen pink, Nigel wanted to lift him over the counter and show him what his pants would look like on the floor.

Nigel also couldn't help but notice that those lovely eyes kept looking over his shoulder, their guest unwilling to meet his gaze.

It was a sight he wanted to meet his own.

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You can tell a lot about a person from the way they shake your hand, and the beauty standing before him wasn't there for the food, socialization or the charming atmosphere. He was there on business and he wasn't about to fool around.

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"Will Graham," He pulled a badge Nigel hadn't expected or wanted to see. "I'm here to inspect your establishment." Will didn't smile as he slipped the Official Health Inspector badge back into his inside blazer pocket.

Nigel scoffed, feeling only fractionally less friendly than he had before. He still wanted to see the man naked. He just didn't want to do it in the kitchen anymore. "Surprise inspection? Well aren't you the little bitch no one wants to play with." The man behind the glasses hardly seemed phased by the rough language. "What do you want to see first? My brother's in the kitchen. He'll probably know more about the shit you're looking for." Stepping out from behind the counter he led the way back to Hannibal's sanctuary, leaving the waiting staff to fend for themselves and pour or mix drinks without the aid of a licensed bar tender.

"Is it really wise to piss off the guy about to grade your establishment?" He wasn't threatening, only making a point. He dealt with more than enough pissy proprietors on a daily basis with his job not to let one more get under his skin.

"Sounds just like the line, 'don't piss off the people who handle your food'." He led Will through the immaculate, grandeur kitchen Hannibal had insisted upon when renovating, stepping around their sous-chef Alana and past the garnishing station ran by Jimmy to protein. "Hannibal, we're catering a special guest tonight." His grin was all teeth and met with a look of curiosity from his mirror. "Inspector Graham would like a tour of your kitchen."

He stepped to the side to reveal the younger man sporting two days of growth with a pen and clipboard. Hannibal recognized him at once. Almost infamous, Mr. Graham was known for only running surprise inspections. Making him the least popular of the cities inspectors; that he was more thorough than many or most only aided in the cooking worlds detest for him.

It wasn't uncommon to hear of established restaurants forced into excess training and courses after a visit from Mr. Graham. It was one of his inspections that had been the cause for closure for Frederic Chilton's four and a half star restaurant. Though Hannibal hardly thought that was to be blamed on the inspector. He suspected it had more to do with the quality of meat. Spices can only hide so much.

Hannibal didn't feel threatened as he turned to the infamous man standing in his kitchen, he felt intrigued.

“Welcome to the Feathered Stag.” He moved to the sinks, carefully washing his hands much the same way as he usually did and earning a notable mark on the clipboard for his efforts. He would be scrupulous with them.

A welcomed challenge to the chef who ran his kitchen like a well-oiled machine, he did not tolerate imperfection within his domain.

“Thank you,” another handshake of the same, quick tight grip and it was over, back to business. “You don’t seem offended by my presence.” He was looking around the kitchen as they talked, making notes on his little board and watching the workers as they saw to their stations.

“I have nothing to hide and cannot blame you for doing your job.” He said in answer, offering his brother a look that very much insisted he should view the situation as the same. “You are here to make sure the Feathered Stag is up to standards and safe, not shut us down. I will assist you in this any way that I can.” He turned his attention to that of his sous-chef. “Alana, you are chef. I’ll be stepping out for a few minutes.”

“Yes Chef.” A quick nod from the woman and she was off from her station, spreading work now that they stood one man short to keep the system running, the gears turning. He allowed nothing bur pure perfection within his kitchen. Everyone knew.

There was the barest pull of lips from the inspector as he watched the quick shift of positions, a near effortless change of stations. “Not many people see it that way,” Will admitted, grateful for the reprieve of being painted the villain.

Hannibal smiled, attention returned in full to their guest, “People don’t like taking responsibility, they would rather someone to blame for the poor quality and upkeep of their restaurant than admit their own failure.”

Will didn’t want to smile. He was there to work, not make a friend. But it was a little difficult not to feel fond of the man cutting him a break for a change. “You seem confident.” He observed instead.

“I have nothing to hide.” He lifted his chin, welcoming Will to explore any nook or cranny of his kitchen, question any of his staff. He wouldn’t find a thing.

Nigel wanted to see some poor bastard get caught washing their hands wrong so he could watch Hannibal take it from their hide.

“I’ve eaten here before.” Was the unexpected turn in conversation as Will began moving through the kitchen, observing food preparation and placement as he walked, “I wasn’t familiar with anything on the menu, had pate de foie gras and macaroons for dessert. Probably the best food I’ve ever had.” He moved toward the dish washer, carefully examining bottles and labels, making more notes and ticks on his board as he moved about the kitchen.

As he allowed the barest distance between himself and the inspector Hannibal couldn’t help but notice the alluring figure of their officer as he walked through his kitchen, long limbed

and slender waist, there was muscle tone to him that he did not doubt continued beneath his atrocious khaki's to form a firm taut ass,. "Go back to the dining room Nigel."

The quiet demand earned him a look, devious and rebellious from his other half, "I'm co-owner Hanni. I have every right to follow teddy-graham around as you do."

"I'm not dealing with you libido with a health inspector in my kitchen." He hissed low, warning clear. "Get back to the bar."

The grin only widened, "Make me."

"I don't care who looks at my ass, but I'd like to see your fridge and freezer if you have a minute." The interruption earned a grin like a mother-fucker from Nigel and one of great disdain from his twin.

Will didn't care who pissed who off or how much so long as he could get his job done with relative ease while they were doing it. If one wanted to ogle his butt, though he had no fucking clue why, then power to them, just so long as they let him grade the freezer in peace while they were doing it.

Hannibal led the way to the fridge, Nigel taking Will up on his offer to stole along behind, partaking of the sights. He honestly hadn't expected the man to continue showing interest. It made his mind wonder to other, less work related scenarios his nether regions were more than interested in exploring.

The fridge, much like the rest of the kitchen, had been handled with the utmost care. All meat vacuum sealed, dated and stamped, nothing on the floor and produce fresh. Will was surprised to find that the Floors and walls were as clean as the dining hall, not a mishandled or forgotten spill in sight. Will hadn't found anything wrong within the immaculate establishment, nothing but the man ogling him and if Will were to be honest with himself and the threatening erection, he wouldn't call that 'wrong'. "Where do you get your vegetables?"

"During summer and fall I buy my produce local from Crawford's Farm, all organic. During the winter and spring I procure from Starling's Farms. A greater distance and cost to bring in but the quality cannot be matched during the off season."

Will nodded, moving instead to the meat where he began to examine an abundance of marinating offal. "And the meat?" he leaned in to examine a vacuum sealed bag.

"I receive all my protein from Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Much of what I have brought in is game meat." He explained coming to join Will by the shelf. Will wasn't his first inspector, he wouldn't be his last.

"Please don't lie to me." He was examining the dates of a particularly fresh brain.

That had Nigel reminding the pair he was there, "Excuse me darling, did you just say 'don't lie'?"

Will turned to face him, brain in hand as he looked between the two. “You said you get your meat from Garrett Jacob Hobbs, I’m familiar with the butcher. He’s well sought by most restaurants. But yours isn’t one of them.” He placed the brain back on the shelf, careful to return its dated label and listed marinade to the front. “There’s no shame in telling me your supplier is one with sub-par meat.” He could see the chef was getting angry, his food insulated when Will was trying to coax the truth. “You’d be surprised the number of restaurants that do.”

“What makes you believe that I am not receiving my protein from Mr. Hobbs?” He was on his customer list, an agreement they had come to some time ago in exchange for keeping a certain secret of Hobbs safe.

“Because he murdered his family a week ago and they only found the bodies this afternoon, the news cover for it was released only an hour ago.” He tilted his head back toward the meat, freshly vacuum sealed on the shelf. “Your meat is labeled for being received and starting its marinade yesterday. You’re lying to me.”

He tried to play for reluctance, a regretful situation that he must be forced to part with the truth. “Will this be made public?” Playing the role of a man worried for his reputation.

Will wasn’t buying it. He could see through the act, through the lies. It was part of why he was so good at his job. He could read them like a book, see and know when they were marinating spoiled meat to serve regardless and skipping rinse cycles to save power. It worked the same every time, reading their nervous tension during the interview and then searching until he found the evidence to back his suspicions while making his rounds.

He hadn’t felt the suspicion when he’d started. He was now.

Hannibal was hiding something regarding his meat. But it wasn’t anything he was embarrassed to admit. Will was intrigued to see where this was going; it was why he had fed him the opportunity for a lie. For now he would step into his world of smoke and mirrors, let him believe Will was blinded by his lies to the truth. He didn’t need to know that Will already knew the way out of the fog and he could see the strings attached to the puppet masters fingers.

He would realize Will was holding the scissors when he was good and ready to take them out and snip. “It doesn’t have to be. So long as it’s a trustworthy and reliable company it’s fine. Though you would have to take Hobbs off as a provider, regardless of his death, false advertising is still illegal.”

A single nod, another falsehood, one feigned of reprimand and understanding of the consequences. Will wondered what emotions this man could truly call his own. “I received my meat from another butcher, Franklyn Froideveaux. His cuts are subpar, but he makes up for it in quantity and pricing.”

Will narrowed his eyes, lifting the thick rimmed glasses to fold neatly and tuck into the pocket of his blazer, there was no point in wearing them in the fridge, as soon as he stepped out they would fog and he would be blind in the kitchen. “You’re lying to me again, but I can tell you now you don’t have to.”

He wasn't upset to be caught in another lie, much preferring that to be a customer of the pudgy butchers. Hannibal was far more curious of the man's ability to read him, there was the barest pull of a smile as he considered the man who would call him a liar twice to his face.

"How do you know Hanni's lying?" Nigel gave voice to the question no one was volunteering. Brash, blunt, to the point and still checking him out; Will fought back a growing heat beneath his skin and hoped it only looked as though his cheeks were flushed from the cold.

He wondered if Nigel would still find him interesting if he was forced to bring the Stag to court for proof of provider.

"Because I'm more than familiar with Froideveaux's product, even his *good* products and what you have on your shelf is superior to anything he has in his shop. You should have volunteered Verger or Dolarhyde." He allowed his sight to focus on Hannibal's thin lips, seeing him without meeting the windows of his eyes. He could read more than enough without staring into his soul. "I've eaten here in the past, invited by a colleague of mine. You don't use low grade meat." He capped his pen, tucked his clip board under his arm. "If you're not going to tell me, then I'm going to have to shut the Stag down until proof of product can be given, but I'm going to tell you again that you don't *have* to lie."

Nigel wet his lips, the leer he had been slowly stripping the inspector with changing to look of warning. "Shut us down? Shut us fucking down? Because you don't 'believe' we're getting our fucking meat from where we're saying we are?" He was in Will's personal space now, breath a cloud to fog between them. Will's grip tightened on the board under his arm, he didn't give an inch.

"Just bring me a receipt for your meat. One that's legit." He added without moving his eyes from the bar tenders throat. "I have no doubt you have papers from Hobbs if that's what you've been volunteering for taxes and critics. But I know it's not true. Either you show me something real. Or I'll close the restaurant until you do."

He turned back to his brother, the smile all teeth and dark promises. "Can you believe this cunt?" He was on him in a second, gripping Will by the throat to slam into the meat rack. He finally had those beautiful blue grey eyes meeting maroon, too bad it wasn't with the man lying spread on his back. "You're not shutting us down. You're not fucking leaving."

"I butcher my own meat." Hannibal supplied coming to stand next to his twin as the officer worked to pry gripping fingers from his throat. "Carve it from the flesh of the sounder."

"P-ple?" Will barely managed the word, sinking his nails deep enough to break skin and draw blood from the man holding him.

Hannibal seemed surprised by his natural insight, placing a hand to his brother's shoulder to let up some on the pressure so their guest might speak. "You assume we're running our restaurant on cannibalization?"

"I know you are." He gasped between swallows of air, lungs burning for more, his throat throbbing hot with pain and a bruise that would soon be blooming to the surface. "But I can't

let you run your business unless you have a better alibi then a butcher who's dead and out of business. Anyone else would have shut you down after the first lie."

Nigel narrowed his eyes as he took in the officer again, "You were leading us on?"

Will shrugged, "I said I knew, but I wasn't about to come out and say it if only one brother knew and the other didn't."

"That was considerate of you," Hannibal conceded, looking for the angle Will was playing from. "You've mentioned multiple times that you have 'eaten here before'," A smile pulled as he read between the lines, "Are you familiar with the cuts of meat I cook with?"

Nigel's grin spread wide and dangerous again as Will's status fell from dangerous to fuckable. "Are you telling me you're as fucked up as we are?" Blue grey eyes met his own and a crooked smile tilted the inspector's lips, Nigel's hand finally falling away from his throat.

"I really enjoyed the macaroons you make here." His voice was horse, throat soar from where the thumb had pressed into his larynx. He turned from Nigel to Hannibal, the hunter, the butcher, the chef. "You replace the egg white with blood."

A shallow breath, the widening of his smile, "Yes, I use a blend of egg and blood. Blood has the same consistency as egg white. You can make meringue with it and in turn macaroons."

Will nodded, breath leveling as he regarded each killer, each predator. "I recognized the taste."

The twins met eyes concurrently, their movement eerie in their exact nature with glancing maroon and the pulling of lips into small knowing smirks.

It made Will's hair stand on end.

"Then how about you write down that our last shipment came in from Hobbs, we'll find a new cover before the end of the week," Nigel began, eyes once again sliding the length of Will's body as though he were a fine wine to partake and not a half starved man he'd been choking only a minute before.

"And join us for dinner." Hannibal finished seamlessly, coming closer to further invade Will's space, boxing him in.

He looked from one twin and then the other. Nigel wore his intent on his sleeve, hiding none of the perversion he hoped the evening would bring. Will knew just by looking at him he planned for their night to be late and sweaty. He'd be calling in sick for work in the morning if he allowed this man to have his way.

Hannibal was not nearly so easy to read. "Will I be on the menu?"

The slip of a hand down his front to stop just touching at the waist of his pants was an unexpected surprise as the chef leaned closer to ghost warm breath over Will's ear, "You will, but not in the sense you're thinking of."

Those eyes turned back to Nigel, the man already leaning in to kiss the bruising line of flesh around his neck, “You don’t get to choose darling, I’m not sitting this out just because Hanni’s suddenly taken interest. I saw you first.”

“Excuse me?” He gasped, another hand seeking him out, cupping the swell of his ass to squeeze a firm mound.

“What Nigel is inferring is that we share.” Hannibal supplied, withdrawing from the feast of flesh before him. “Will that be a problem?”

It should have. It should have been a problem that they were killers if Will wasn’t one himself. If he hadn’t partaken of the delicacy of cannibalism years ago to occasionally indulge again, it might have been a big problem. Compared to cannibalism and murder, being shared between a pair of twins who moments before had seemed set on killing him didn’t seem nearly so detouring. “I think I can handle it.”

Nigel’s winning smile was all teeth, the hand still cupped firmly on his ass offering one final squeeze before pulling back with a look to his brother, “Think we can ditch work?”

“Alana has the kitchen under control and there are no special guests scheduled to make an appearance this evening.” Hannibal agreed, “I think we can take the night off.” He picked up Will’s fallen clipboard, offering it back to the man with a flirtatious smile of his own. It was nothing like the salacious twist of lips Nigel had greeted him with, Hannibal’s was a small pull at the corners of his mouth, filled with charm and welcomed elegance. The silent promise of an evening he would not soon forget.

Will accepted his clipboard, jotted down their last order coming from the Hobbs before their time of death and moved onto the special notes at the base of the page. Nigel could hardly contain his laugh as he watched Will quickly scribble something in his tight cramped hand writing. “The bitch is deducting points for ‘misconduct in the fridges’.”

OoOoO

TBC

The Lecter House

Chapter Summary

The boys take Will home.

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings~<3

A HUGE thank you to everyone who had taken the time to read, kudo and comment, I love hearing from you~<3

The response to this story was far greater than I had anticipated and as promised I have written a second chapter.

Ask and you shall receive!!!

Now onto the story, may it be everything you wanted it to be (because I'm making this shit up as I go).

I own nothing.

Not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This isn’t a house, it’s a small mansion.” Will remarked climbing out of his old Volvo parked behind Hannibal’s far nicer Bentley, it looked as out of place in the Baltimore elitist’s driveway as Will was feeling. Nigel had beaten them to the house, breaking a number of road laws weaving between traffic as he sped ahead on a sleek black and red motorcycle. It didn’t’ make him feel any better to see the much cheaper bike parked at the pricy cars side.

Nigel was already grinning, helmet in hand as he stood waiting next to his Ninja for the others to arrive. “You think?” He tucked the protective head piece under one arm, draping the other around Will’s shoulders to lead him toward the monstrous house, or as Will suspected, to prevent any attempt at escape. “Just wait until you see the inside.”

Hannibal scoffed as he opened the door, “You have no appreciate for good taste or fashion Nigel, your opinion hardly counts.”

When Will stepped in he knew almost instantly who had decorated what of the restaurant, if it hadn't been evident by the bickering pairs personalities alone, it certainly was by the houses décor. Almost the entire of the Feathered Stag had been decorated and designed by Hannibal, its exception being that of the whorish back wall.

The house was decorated in bright bold colors, rich dark woods, animal print and skulls. He paused for a moment stepping in to take in his surroundings. "You decorated all of the Stag didn't you?" He was addressing Hannibal as his eyes continued to wonder, taking in a number of famous paintings and wondering of their authenticity.

If the man was living alone with his brother in a three story house and driving a Bentley, he had money to burn.

"Yes, I handled the majority of the design work for the Stag, both in seating as well as the kitchen." He was taking Will's coat, calloused fingers ghosting over his shoulder as they slid the worn windbreaker form the aged flannel shirt. His figure was still hidden by the too big article hanging from his frame, but at least a better idea of the tapered waist hidden beneath could be seen where the fabric of his khaki's gathered at the back of his waist. He was much smaller than his clothing made him appear.

"Especially the kitchen," Nigel interjected, opening a silver cigarette case Will wouldn't have expected considering his character, to slide a smoke between his lips. "He designed the one here too, hence the fucking plants growing out of the wall."

The same hands that had stolen his jacket slid to settle at the small of his waist, guiding him into the vast and curious house as Nigel followed not so far behind. He found the previously mentioned wall of foliage, several planters filled with fresh, growing herbs just beyond the table in the dining room, the kitchen just beyond that. "This is your favorite place in the house." He wasn't asking; it was obvious in the care and stillness that seemed to take the cook as he left Will by the long table to step into his sanctuary.

"I enjoy cooking." He explained, opening the fridge to pull a vacuum sealed selection of meat similar to that found in his restaurants kitchen. Hannibal ran his home as he ran his establishment, or perhaps vice versa, the man taking a far greater pride in his cooking than Will initially thought. "I generally make the preparations for Nigel and my own dinner before work. I will only be a few minutes finishing and getting it into the oven. You are welcome to keep me company if you'd like." Will looked to the leather chair indicated; he'd seen it entering the kitchen, set to the side and away from the main part of the kitchen for guests to and observe without hindrance.

Before he could take a step toward the comfortable chair an arm found its way around his waist, the more carnal of the two brothers gripping Will's hips to tug his slighter frame closer against his own. "If you're busy with the kitchen Hanni, then I'll show him the garden." Will could feel the edge of a blush creeping under his skin as fingers slid in small circles against the contour of his hip.

"Patience," Hannibal warned his too eager brother as Nigel tugged the officer back toward the double glass doors leading from the dining room into the garden.

Will couldn't see the look cast over the broad man's shoulder, but he could imagine the devious grin being cast his brother's way, "We'll be back in a minute."

A noncommittal hum was his only return as he watched the minutes younger twin led their guest away, curious stormy eyes seeking his own in silent apology before disappearing through the doors.

He let his brother lead him away, there would be time to win Will's attentions for his own as the night progressed, it was still early yet. "You shouldn't piss off the man who handles your food Nigel," he mused, opening the sealed meat to roll in fresh herbs and flour.

Outside Will found himself surprised once more as he stepped into a butterfly garden. Something else he hadn't expected to find within the twin's home. He took several steps out into the manicured lawn, letting the damp of evening grass soak into his socks as he looked around the vibrant arrangement of flowers closing with the coming evening. He was sure their vibrant pinks, blues, yellows and reds were something to be admired during the early hours of the morning, something he was sure Hannibal enjoyed with a hot cup of coffee.

It also made him think about how little of the house so far had made him think of Nigel, the twin brash and crude when compared to his more refined other half. Nothing of the home seemed to speak of him, the only piece representing the man the strangely beautiful wall back at the restaurant. It raised the question, "What of this house is yours?"

Pale brows rose as the cigarette was lit, Nigel taking a long slow drag of the tobacco to fill his lungs as he regarded the man he'd more dragged out for company and keeping away from his brother than any actually desire to show the man his brothers butterfly garden. "What do you mean darling?" He answered the question with another of his own, smoke blowing out to form the words in curls of silver and blue.

"Nothing I've seen of this house makes me think of you. The wall back at the restaurant, the bike in the driveway, your clothes…but that's it." The tug of a smile pulled thin lips as Nigel appreciated the mind of the man who had picked apart his lack of existence within the place that was his home.

Brains and looks and balls of steel, he appreciated that in his lovers. "You noticed that did you?" He laughed, the curious man rejoining him on the steps, "Hanni doesn't appreciate my sense of style and I moved in with him." He shrugged, "So I keep my life in my room and he keeps his throughout the house."

There was a curious furrow of brows, the barest drawing together as he tried to understand or maybe guess at why Nigel had been forced to take house with his brother. "Can I ask where you were before?"

"You can ask, I might not answer." He snubbed out the butt on an ashtray looking more like a small dirty bird bath, a piece Hannibal had insisted upon to keep butts from falling into his garden, and looped his arm around the officer again. "How about we play a game?" His grin was back, full force as he blew away the last curl of smoke to carry away in the wind. "You ask me a question, and I'll decide what the answer is worth." A hand slid down to cup the curve of Will's ass. "You give payment, I'll give an answer."

“You’re full of yourself.” Will stated plainly, earning a bark of laughter from the bad man holding his ass. “And I just gave payment in advance for something.”

The smile, if possible grew wider, dark amusement at Will’s manipulation of his perversion and the game they were about to play. “Alright, best make the question equivalent to the grab.”

“Where are you from?” He felt the hand on his ass taking its sweet time letting go, the bad man pulling Will just that little bit closer to feel the warmth of Nigel pressed against him as he groped the mound in hand.

Leaning closer Nigel’s lips found the soft flesh beneath his ear, “could you be a little more specific? I’ve moved around a lot.” A sharp hiss of breath, not quite a gasp, sounded when that flesh being adored with hot breath and ghosting lips was suddenly nipped, a sharp pinch of flesh caught between teeth to purple.

“Before here,” He swallowed, grabbing muscular shoulders as the mouth on his neck continued its assault.

“Before Baltimore?” He hummed, squeezing the flesh in his hand to gain another soft gasp from the man in his arms. Will wasn’t use to being handled, he noted. It had the bad man wondering how long it had been since Will had laid with another. “Bucharest.” He licked the flesh of his ear between teeth, tugging to feel the body against him shift. “Romania.”

Will bit his lip, gently pushing the bartender back to try and regain some composure before he had a chub pressing against the older man’s leg. “What did you do there?” He caught the hand that reached for him again, lifted it to graze knuckles with a kiss. It wasn’t rejection. “You’ve taken more than enough.”

“I think I get to decide that.” His grin was all play though, enjoying himself and the game they were playing.

“Nigel worked many jobs while in Bucharest,” Hannibal supplied, stepping out into the darkening yard to join the pair standing on his low deck. “I believe his favorite was playing the role of an uncultured thug.”

“You’re an ass,” He addressed his twin, deep maroon eyes seeking stormy blue-grey. “Let’s just say I was a hand for hire with enough irons in the fire and guntss beneath me to make life interesting.” It had certainly been fun.

More hands on his body drew Will back against the other brother, Hannibal taking a moment to carefully examine the mark darkening against his neck. “To give credit where credit is due, he was very good at what he did.”

Will swallowed as he looked from one man to the other. He hadn’t given much thought to the word *share* at the time, he was starting to reconsider that now that he was pressed between two bodies, each with their own agenda regarding him and his body and no interest in taking turns it would seem.

Thoughts of a competitive nature had Will's heart skipping a beat and his cock twitching with interest. It had been so long since he'd last shared himself with anyone. He didn't know if he could handle the pair of them, not at once.

"I haven't had sex in four years." Will found himself blurting, he could only see the one set of eyes, Nigel's pupils dilating at the mere mention of his celibacy, a fire of lust igniting within as though Will had just thrown a container of gasoline to feed his fire. He wet his lips as though he were suddenly starving. Will couldn't see Hannibal, but he could feel his gaze, the burn of sight against him, the shift of muscles beneath skin and flex of fingers holding him, interested, wanting.

He had meant it to be a warning for disappointment; they were taking it as a boon.

"That's very interesting darling," Nigel took a step closer, letting the swell of his stiffening erection press against Will through soft pants. "Is that encouragement for us to help you break your rut?"

He was nervous, pulse skipping, cock stiffening as he felt each man press their bodies against his own, "More like a warning," he swallowed, looking away so that he might now have to see their hunger change to laughter as he looked to the hedge disappearing into darkness. The garden wouldn't be lasting much longer, the cool weather of fall setting in to chill the air in the evenings. "You shouldn't expect much, I'm more than a little rusty and I haven't had any experience in this-" an incline of his head, as if to indicate the twins, whether the pair themselves or their gender.

"A first for you then," he could feel the bar pull of smile against him, amusement, interest. "How very fortunate for us," those lips he had felt speak warm words against his skin were now pressing, ghosting over his flesh to adore it with the feathering of kisses to draw a shiver down his spine.

An agreeing hum from his brother, Nigel turning his attention back to the door from which they'd came, the light casting an orange glow over his face made his eyes almost appear as though they shone in an amber of fire, bright and red as illuminated blood.

Will wondered how much blood these men had spilled.

"Maybe we should take this back inside then, I don't think your neighbours would much appreciate the show." He chuckled, clucking his tongue as he released the slighter man first to saunter back inside.

Will bit his lip as he was urged to follow, "He's right, unless you believe you are able to hold your tongue and enjoy the feel of damp grass on your knees."

He almost laughed stepping back through the doors into the comfortable warmth, his damp socks leaving marks against the polished hard wood. "I think you would find the grass more uncomfortable than I would." Will countered, noting the wine set on the table, three glasses of perfectly poured red. He wondered if it was a bottle the man had left to air while working. He didn't seem the type to drink a glass before it had time to breath.

“You’d be surprised,” Was Nigel’s cool retort, almost a daring challenge.

Will wasn’t about to take him up on it.

Hannibal was the first to take his wine, Nigel seeing to the doors locks and drawing the curtains to cover their glass. “Play nice Nigel,” was the elder’s remark, lifting the wide crystal to swirl liquid red and watch it cling to edges, scenting the selection for that night before taking an appreciative sip.

Will refrained himself from smiling. Poise, precise, he had practiced for years to perfect the person suit he donned. Will wondered how hard it would be to ruin it and see the monster crouching within. “Despite my work in the industry, I have no wine etiquette,” He admitted taking a sip. He could appreciate it, though he held little understanding for the flavors dancing across his tongue in perfect harmony.

“A wine can still be enjoyed without the proper etiquette.” Hannibal succumbed, setting his glass to the side for the moment. “Dinner is going to be some time,” He wasn’t apologizing, simply stating a fact, “If you would like to take our conversations to the study, a more comfortable place to sit.”

Nigel tilted his glass to finish the rich Zinfandel in two quick swallows, “Or the bedroom.” He supplied his own opinion, gathering the lingering taste of red from his lips with a sweep of his tongue, dark maroon turning hungry towards the younger man standing before them.

Will turned to consider the bolder of the two brothers. He already knew Nigel wasn’t afraid to state his desires; he shouldn’t have been surprised to find the man so bluntly stating his preference for pre-dining activities.

“You don’t think I’m worth dinner first?” Will asked, taking another sip of his wine as hands settled on his waist behind him, the chef almost seeming to scent him as he had the wine, nose trailing along the his neck to bury in the soft twist of curls.

“Dinner’s cooking gorgeous, why wait?” He took the glass from his hand placing it to join the others as calloused fingers un-tucked his shirt from his pants. They were already working in tandem against him.

He looked over his shoulder to the one feeling the planes of his stomach, skilled fingers drawing up the length of his torso beneath his shirt to make muscles jump and skip beneath his touch. “I thought you wanted to go to the study?” He was met with a kiss over his shoulder, the exploring hand finding a nipple to tease and draw a gasp from him.

“Perhaps I changed my mind.” He murmured, drawing another gasp as he twisted and teased the hardening nub. “It would certainly be more convenient to keep an eye on dinner if we were to remain in the dining room.”

A wicked grin turned Nigel’s face as he worked open the clasp of Will’s pants, shoving the too large khaki’s past his knees to reveal toned lithe legs and unmarred flesh begging to be claimed. “You don’t seem too disagreeable to the idea darling,” Nigel mused, kneeling to slip

khaki's, underwear and socks from Will's feet, licking his lips as he eyed the cock swelling before him.

Will's cry of surprise was swallowed by an identical set of lips as Nigel took the swelling flesh into his mouth. They had said *share*, but he hadn't expected this. He'd thought one at a time, different dates, different times, but both at once? Another sound trembled from him as cheeks were hollowed around his flesh and the bad man swallowed him down, skilled fingers continued to tease his chest, migrating to the other perky nipple to catch between fingers and twist.

Fingers buried in Nigel's hair, messing the ashen strands as whimpers were drawn from him, broad hands finding his hips to keep him in place as his knees quake beneath him and his hips bucked with the building pressure deep inside.

It was so much sensation, too much after so much time alone. He felt as though he might die with each deep throated swallow around his head and sweep of tongue under his shaft, the play of fingers over sensitive nubs beneath his shirt making his breath shutter and heart race.

"I-I'm!" It was the only warning he was able to murmur against lips in time, body tensing beneath Nigel's hands before he arched, knees shaking and crying out. His eyes widened at once, turning down to meet the grinning bastard on his knees leisurely licking the slit of his cock with a tormenting smile as he griped his base tight enough to cease his orgasm, deny Will his release.

"Not yet darling," He chuckled, kissing the reddened tip before climbing to his feet. "You're not finished yet, we've barely begun.

"He's right William," Hannibal agreed with his carbon copy, tugging the aged flannel over his head to reveal pert nipples and flushed skin. "It would be terribly rude for you to finish early."

He was panting, working to still his heart as he met lustful sanguine eyes. "But you do look tired," Nigel mused, glancing to the table. "Maybe you should lie down."

Will didn't have more than a moment to contemplate that idea before he found himself seated. Hannibal smiling over him as a hand on his chest leaned the officer back on the hardwood. "You will hold out for your partners, won't you William?" He propped himself on his elbows looking down the length of his body, ass barely on the edge, feeing just above the floor, to watch as identical bodies stripped.

And they were the same.

They could have been carved from marble for the hard muscle being revealed beneath the layers of cotton falling form their shoulders, the toned flesh of their bodies and tan of their skin making his breath hitch. They were predators to be appreciated and Will an offering unto them.

"Do you think he'll be able to tell us apart without our clothes on?" Stormy eyes darted between the two men, a quick catalogue of their ticks and the subtle differences set between.

They were two men born exactly the same and strikingly different. They did not smile the same, did not stand the same, did not talk the same though their accent and voice were eerily similar, they shared the same body and face and nothing more.

They could stand in a crowed of clones and Will would be able to point them out with little more effort than a 'Where's Waldo' book.

"There is only one way to know for sure," Hannibal stepped away, disappearing for no more than a second before reappearing with a bottle of cold pressed olive oil. "We'll simply have to see whose name he calls."

"I think you'll be surprised." Will smiled, watched as the brothers passed the bottle of oil between them slicking their hands as hungry eyes took him in. He bit his lip as each took a leg behind the knee to fold back against him, spreading him open to reveal the pucker of his opening to cool evening air. He was glad the curtains were drawn.

"Yeah? We'll see." Nigel was the first to lower a hand, touching a greased finger between the cheeks of his ass, stroking his entrance to make the ring of muscle flutter against his finger. His eyes didn't leave the officer's face. He didn't want to miss a thing when the man beneath them was penetrated. He wanted to see the consuming look of pleasure when he was stretched and filled with his prostate found.

His breath hissed when the first digit pushed inside, feeling Nigel as he slipped a finger all the way to the knuckle, it had him arching, head lulling back as he focused on breathing and not the unfamiliar pressure beneath him.

Another finger touched his hole, drawing storm colored eyes back to the twins set between his thighs, Hannibal's focus on the preparation of the man in front of them while Nigel's continued it's searching for his eyes. "How are we going to do this?" Will asked the question on a focused breath as he watched the second finger disappear into his body, a satisfied smile curving the chef's lips as he worked the digit against his brothers to stretch.

Hannibal offered a serpentine smile as he considered the question, taking in the beauty laid out bare before them. To Will's surprise he changed language, if he were to guess he would have said Russian but unfamiliar with the tongue he had no way to know for sure. Nigel slipped into the matching dialect with an effortlessness that had more questions stirring within his mind as he heard his names and listened ignorantly to the men who discussed him. Those questions were quickly forgotten when one of those shifting fingers hooked and Will found himself falling back onto the table, arching off as his mouth fell wide in a silent 'O' and eyes blew open to see everything and nothing at all, the fingers within continuing in their distraction, moving and stroking to torture him with a pleasure to make toes curl and hands slide uselessly against the table looking for grip.

Another finger pressed in to join the first as Hannibal continued his torment, a sort of compromise coming between the pair as they discussed his fate above him in an almost business manner, one of them barking a laugh- probably Nigel- as a fourth finger was pressed inside, scissoring, opening him as that one damned digit stroked him, held him in place like a rock on his chest with that twitching movement of pleasure alone. His voice pulled from him with force when the fifth touched his hole. It was too much, just too much.

He felt as though he were going to burst. Another cry was pulled from him when those fingers left him all too suddenly, a firm hand coming to grip his cock once more and prevent his end, leaving little more than a slick smear of pre-cum against his stomach instead of the streaks of release he had sought.

Twice, they had denied him twice, holding back his end to make him shake with the need for it.

“Not yet darling, but soon,” Nigel purred, easing the leg he had once held to slide around his brothers waist, watching the younger man as he walked around the end of the table, hand skimming the heaving flesh of Will’s stomach to drag the smear of cum up his chest. He stopped just by his head and grinned like the devil himself down upon him. “You’re going to be so fucking good.” A hand combed curls back from sweat soaked skin, drawing those beautiful lust blown blue eyes to meet with blood stained earth before turning that lovely face toward him. He grabbed a chair, bringing one knee on the seat as the other settled over the table, cock leveling with kiss swollen lips.

Will didn’t need an explanation to know what was coming next with one below and one above. His heart skipped a beat as slowly opened to take in the cock set before him.

The was slow, careful, fingers caressing affectionately through curls as he slide his flesh between yielding lips, pressing forth until he felt his head scrap the back of that gorgeous man’s throat. He ran his fingers beneath Will’s jaw in a silent request for more, a request that his darling acquiesced, tilting his head ever so slightly and opening his throat for more.

The slip of his cock into the tighter heat had Nigel moaning, Will’s throat swallowing around him as he search for a rhythm, one that would allow the officer to swallow around him comfortably breath. One that would keep him taking Nigel all the way to the root. “Fuck-” He hissed, fighting not to buck into the pleasuring mouth before him.

Will found his concentration suddenly split when he felt the shift, the press of something much wider to his passage. He tried to see his other lover, looking down to find his sight blocked by the cock between his lips and the leg he held to desperately draped over the table. He gripped it tight enough to have his nails bruise as he was made to open his throat once more as his legs were guided to lock around Hannibal’s tapered waist and felt his cock press inside him, pushing to be taken into his body inch by filling inch.

He whimpered around the flesh that filled his mouth as Hannibal filled him to his core, hips rocking to send wave after wave of pleasure pulsing through him with his cock nestled against his prostate. His body rocking with each moving thrust.

The bad man groaned as Will’s whimper of need sent vibrations through his cock, making hips snap in a buck that had his beauty chocking before he found control where he usually found none. He wanted his pleasure, but he wouldn’t hurt their new lover trying to gain that. The gentle card of fingers through satin curls and a hush to sooth were his apology to the watery eyed man beneath him.

Will closed his eyes, tried to remember to open his throat, to breath before he cock slid down, scraped the back of his throat raw and made his eyes water, tied to remember to swallow

around the sliding head to take as much of the man as he could, all while feeling the building thrusts of the one beneath him.

Slow, so slow at first, careful to make sure that Will was adjusting, not hurting, not choking as he began to move his cock as far as the trembling frame beneath him would allow before pulling out again, almost to the h, until he felt the fluttering muscles clenching around his head to bury himself again, watching for the distress his brother often forgot while lost in the throes of passion.

Satisfied and impressed with Will's adaption, he pressed in again, faster, watching the arch of back, feeling the roll of hips, listening to the smothered cries of moans around his brother's dick.

He was so close, so very close and desperate for release, fingers gripping uselessly at his table for something to hold, nails digging into the thigh he had found as he was brought to the edge once more. Beads of pre-cum leaked across the curve of his belly, dick curving back to scrape against his stomach with each thrust. Hannibal took that cock in hand, pumping the flesh in tandem to his thrusts, a sweep of thumb over the younger man's slit and he was coming, arching, screaming his release around his brother who took his end in the vibrations of his voice, sheathing himself down the younger man's throat to smother his cries and fill him with his heat.

A spluttered cough as he was released, cock swollen lips wet with spit and cum and he turned to look at Nigel as though he were drowning. "You're lucky I don't have a camera." Gentle kisses soothed panting lips as his body continued to rock, to be filled, Hannibal seeking out his own release, bringing his thrust just past Will's pleasure to torture him no more as he drove in faster, deeper until he too found his release burred deep inside filling Will with his own heat. "You look exceptionally debauched."

Panting he turned from Nigel to Hannibal, looking down his cum streaked chest to the elder twin easing Will's feet back to the floor as he slipped from his entrance. "How do you feel?" He asked, helping the younger man to his feet.

"Sore," Will admitted, voice hoarse from the abuse, as he was brought to shaky legs, another set of hands taking to his waist to steady him.

A hum rumbled through him from the man against his back, a sound of sated pleasure, "Sore isn't always a bad thing darling."

He let the arms wrapped around him take his weight, leaning back against the bad man who held him, "No, not bad." He agreed. It had been good, the bruising of his throat, ache seated deep inside, was more than worth the pain.

"But not comfortable." He was tugged away from the comforting warmth that had encompassed him, to follow the cook, "Allow me to run you a bath, something to sooth you before dinner."

"You don't have to do this," Will said as he followed him into the bathroom, allowing the older man to fill a tub large enough to comfortably seat three with hot water and Epsom salts

smelling of jasmine. With the feel of cum and oil cooling in tacky streaks against his thighs the idea of a bath was becoming more difficult to resist.

Hannibal smiled over his shoulder, small but genuine, “We are the cause of your discomfort and you are a guest in our home.” He helped Will into the tub, his legs still shaky from being held so long pressed back against him.

He couldn’t help the moan that escaped him when hot water consumed him, body slipped beneath its surface leaving barely his head above as he settled in its warmth. “Rest,” He pressed a kiss to his forehead, laying a thick fluffy towel to the tubs side. “I will come for you when dinner is ready..”

He left without further argument from the officer, mind already wondering to thoughts of lithe legs locked around his waist and nails scraping down his back.

He returned to the dining room dressed and clean to find he found Nigel had also changed, even giving Hannibal the courtesy of disposing their clothes in the laundry. He noted that Will’s had been taken. “Do you intend on keeping him the night?” He smiled to the man dressed in sweats Hannibal would sooner burn and a loos fitting T, a direct contrast to Hannibal’s slacks and pullover.

“I intend to keep him the week.” Nigel chuckled, accepting the cloth from his brother to see to the careful sterilization of their table, “Another killer like us?” He looked with longing towards the stairs, “What are the chances Hanni?” A romantic his brother, passionate, always had been. If Hannibal were to pick one flaw against his brother, and he had many, one weakness above the rest, it was his obsessive love. “I don’t want to let him go.”

Hannibal followed his sight toward the stairs, canting his head as he considered the man above them. The tugging feeling of want strangely new to him, a desire for more than an affair with the beauty resting in his tub. “Nor do I.”

What were the changes of them finding another killer to accept them so readily into their life?

About as good as Will’s chances of the twins ever letting him go.

OoOoO

...IDK

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudoes are helping with dinner, your comments are playing in the garden.

The author is debating whether or not the story is worth plotting a chapter 03.

End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are eating macaroons, your comments are wondering if this should be written as more than a one shot.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!